

# THE ONTARIO S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-R

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## ATTENTION—FOREWORD

THE Ontario Provincial Government, through the Hon. R. A. Pyne, secured this beautiful estate in Orpington, Kent, with a fine garden and surroundings. The Government built here the most up-to-date Military Hospital, which the Military Authorities have accepted as a General Hospital. The Hospital is complete in every branch, surgery, medicine, eye and ear, throat and nose, hydro-therapeutic, electric,—including the most complete X-Ray outfit procurable. The staff of Doctors and Nursing Sisters arrived here on April 12th, 1916, and have by this time become thoroughly settled and accustomed to their duties.

We one and all expect to render a good account to the Ontario Government of the work they have entrusted to us to do. It will be our one endeavour to render the best service to relieve the sufferings of those placed in our care and restore them to health and strength. We expect, in the Recreation Hall which will seat about one thousand, to have a concert or play at least once a week. Kind friends are volunteering to assist in procuring artists and companies to give us small plays, revues, etc. The stage has three sets of scenery, footlights, and a splendid drop-curtain.

In connection with the Hospital is appearing to-day the first copy of the "Ontario Stretcher," which will give the news from time to time of interest to the staff and their friends. We would ask especially that the Officers, Nursing Sisters, N.C.O.'s, and Men give this their most hearty support both financially and by sending in articles for publication, and thus show that we appreciate it and wish to make it a success.

D. W. MACPHERSON, Lt.-Col.,  
O.C. Ont. Mil. Hos.

## WHY "THE STRETCHER."

By permission, and with the blessing of the O.C., "The Ontario Stretcher" is borne forth on its initial journey. The name is suggestive alike of the work of the unit and of the practice of those who journalistically record "facts"; it may also be ominously suggestive of the plight in which members of the Editorial guard may find themselves should their sense of humour exceed the receptivity of those readers to whom they may occasionally refer. Be a unit combatant or non-combatant, one thing is certainly essential to its real success: to the attainment of its best—that is, a wholesome esprit de corps—an abiding and intense sense of personal loyalty on the part of

every member to his unit, that he may help to make the unit the best of its kind. Loyalty to the Empire and to the cause of freedom for which the Empire and her Allies are fighting, is robbed of its power if we do not translate that loyalty into action in our own unit, so that the unit may at all points fulfil in the spirit as well as in the letter, its allotted duties, as a part of the mighty machine which is slowly but surely grinding down Hunnish militarism and tyranny. The more individual members of a unit know of the unit as a whole, and of each other's interest in the unit, the quicker and the stronger the growth of the esprit de corps, the effects of which reach out into the wider field of the Great Cause. In the hope that it may, at least in a small measure, be a means of helping forward this essential growth; of helping to lighten an occasional half-hour for those whose thoughts often Westward go, and of providing for the future, when the thoughts will come back Eastward, a record that will not be without interest—the "Stretcher" starts on its way. If our hope should be fulfilled (by the bye, don't forget the "tuppence") all is well. If we should fail in its mission—well, remember the protecting sign hung over the piano in a far Western saloon, and "Please don't shoot—the Editor—he's doing his best."

## BITS OF IMPRESSIONS.

OFFICIAL duties, private business or pleasure, will at times require of officers and other members of the unit that they travel to different parts of England. For the many this is the first visit to the Old Country, and the first impressions of observant and intelligent visitors and travellers are generally interesting. With so much to be seen in this ancient land that appeals to the historic, to the artistic, to the love of Nature, the observant and intelligent visitor (and that means every one of us, of course), when he goes a-touring, should not have any difficulty in furnishing from 200 to 300 words of "bits of impressions." In years to come, when we sit again on the banks of lake and river in Ontario, these "bits of impressions of Old England" will be an interesting record.

## THE INSPIRATION OF NETLEY.

By Captain Ryan.

During my wanderings of the past few weeks it was my good fortune to meet with many men who hold high places in the professional life of this fair country, to view at first hand the scenes of their labours, and to witness in some degree their splendid achievements. Should it be of interest I may speak of at least some of these, at another time and place. It was also my great delight to stumble across many places well known to us in the beautiful fields of history and romance. One spot that im-

pressed me much was Netley and its surroundings. It was on a beautiful May morning I first entered the charmed area dedicated to the welfare of those who have served their country faithfully and well. Almost at the first turn one meets with the ruins of Netley Abbey, at one time a gem of rare architectural beauty. It was erected by the Cistercians, and bears the date 1327. Many of the windows, arches and doors are still in existence. Its "ivy mantled tower" yet defies the hand of time, a silent monument of an age that gave to England her imperishable monuments. At every step through the charming grounds one meets new scenes of rapture and delight. But the pearl of the place is the garden adjacent to the hospital. Flowers of every description are blooming in almost tropical profusion. Cedars from Lebanon, trees, shrubs, from India, Africa, and America, are there in order, and yet seemingly without it. All the floral and arbor wealth from the Imperial domain of this mighty Empire seem gathered here. On the elevated shore one can look over the waters and see in the distance the chalk cliffs of the Isle of Wight. Across the bay is the New Forest, little altered since the day when William, "surnamed Rufus," went forth on his fatal hunt. A mound marks the spot where he fell, and the oak still lives behind which the archer stood when he sped the fatal shaft. On a corner of the beach is a monument erected to Captain Yorke, who "in 1717 in any Majesty's ship of 27 guns, a captured a Dutch ship of 32 brought the same into port." His memories these scenes arouse in one's mind of Norman days and feudal times: of the "wooden walls of old England"; of her vast domains scattered where the sun rises and sets, the beacon lights of her culture, the undaunted heroism of her sons—all these human qualities that have made this great nation "one and indivisible, now and for ever."

## LIVERPOOL TO ORPINGTON.

By Churchill.

FOLLOW me if you will from Liverpool and its floating dock, as solid in appearance as our gallant Major, yet as quickly moved to action by the rising tide as was his Adjutant to the necessities of any occasion, to the railway carriage, a type unfamiliar to us, old-fashioned in its furnishings, odd in its dimensions, comfortable—yes, very! The excellence of the road bed, the cordiality of the welcome extended by the housekeepers along the route, who, like some shrewd London shopkeepers we have since met, must have known we were coming. Old London, with lights out and asleep, but notwithstanding its population quieter and certainly much more silent than "Mac" Crawford is when similarly occupied. Now we wake up in Kent—lovely Kent, the Garden of England. I would say that it was a misnomer; it should be the Lawn of England. Here and now is the realization of Browning's "Oh to be in England, now that April's here." Such a panoramic view of loveliness as one may get from any height of land seldom has it been my good fortune to see. Rolling land, carpeted with green velvet, patches of forest, winding roads, ancient and well built, small communities of red tiled roofs, a wealth and variety of foliage and blossom. Could we conjure up any finer subject for an artist's inspiration? To the practical mind of a Canadian the question arises "Why so much idle land?" The people—God bless them—some need it more than others—like ourselves. The men, they are mostly all away except grandpa, and he is working hard. The women, they are all here, and some others like grandpa working hard too.